

# A Sky of Plastic Stars

lysscor

## A Sky of Plastic Stars by lysscor

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Richie Tozier

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**Summary:**

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## A Sky of Plastic Stars

### Author's Note:

I just sort of... woke up in the middle of the night and wrote this. It's just some pointless softness, best read while listening to Lua by Bright Eyes  
Lowkey dedicated to my pal Taylor (taylor if you're reading this i literally only finished it because i wanted you to read it)

There were many things that Richie loved about Eddie Kaspbrak. He loved his stupid hairstyle. He loved the way he blushed when Richie teased him about his mother. He loved his smile, and the way it seemed to make the world stop turning. But nights like this - cold, cruel nights, when Richie was jogging down the street towards Eddie's house, unsure if the wetness on his cheeks was from rain or tears - what he loved most about Eddie was the soft comfort he gave.

Richie loved that when he knocked on Eddie's window at odd hours of the night with teary eyes and scraped knees and bloody knuckles, there were no questions. No "what happened"s, no "are you alright"s. Just an open window and a spot on the bed, already warm from where Eddie had been lying. Eddie knew that if Richie wanted to talk about what happened, he would. If not, he would just curl up beside his friend, fingers tangled in Eddie's shirt as he cried. Eddie knew this. So he never asked. Richie could never say how much he appreciated it, but he was pretty sure Eddie knew this too. Richie loved that about him.

Nights like this, when Richie would climb through that window ("Don't knock over my water," Eddie would whisper every time, as if Richie didn't know by now exactly where on the windowsill Eddie left his glass of water every night) and into that bed, he loved more than anything the feeling of Eddie's breath in his hair. He loved the way it always smelled like he just got back from the dentist, clean and sterile and almost medical ("You smell like a hospital," he would say in the daytime, and laugh when Eddie rolled his eyes). And nights like this, when he was crying harder than he cared to admit and he inched closer to Eddie, he loved the way Eddie inched towards him in

return. When he gripped the front of Eddie's pajama shirt (soft, freshly washed since he would never sleep in the same shirt twice - much unlike Richie, who slept in whatever he found on the floor nearest his bed) and pressed his face into his friend's chest, he loved the arms that wrapped around him without hesitation. He loved the hushed voice that told him he was okay, everything was going to be okay. And when his chest began to heave with sobs, he loved the hands that gently pushed his face back to remove his glasses.

There was no judgement. No laughter. No comments about how he was way too old to be crying like this - like a little girl - or how it was really entirely pathetic. Eddie simply ran his fingers through Richie's thick curls and let him sob. His chin was resting on Richie's head, his nose nuzzling his hair. The hand that wasn't in his hair was on his back, tracing light patterns with his finger tips. Richie loved those fingers. They were soft and gentle, nothing like his own dry, scratched, calloused ones. Richie gripped Eddie's shirt tighter.

He wasn't sure how long it took him to stop crying. He never could tell, really - if there were two things that could make time slow to a stop, they were crying and being wrapped in Eddie Kraspbak's arms. All he knew, when his tears ran dry, was that his head ached and his fingers were stiff and he never wanted to move again.

"You should drink some water," Eddie whispered. Richie simply nodded - he wasn't sure his voice would work if he tried to speak - and tried not to shiver from the cold when Eddie pulled away from him. Those hands were on him again almost instantly, though - on his arm, guiding him to a sitting position; on his hand, pressing a cold glass into his palm; on his back, grounding him as he sipped the icy water. When the glass was empty (because he knew from past experience that Eddie wouldn't take the glass back unless it was empty - "Hydration is important," he would insist, and Richie would be too tired to argue), he handed it back with a whispered thanks, and Eddie returned it to the windowsill. They lay back down, on their backs this time, staring at the ceiling side by side.

It was always this way - they would lay there together in silence, until Richie would make some stupid joke and Eddie would punch him on the arm and tell him to go to sleep. (That was his way of asking if Richie was going to be alright.) And Richie would grin, his

buck teeth practically glowing white in the darkness, and say something about going to sleep with Eddie's mom. (That was his way of saying yes, he would be.)

Tonight, however, there was no stupid joke. There was no punch to the arm. There was only silence, punctuated by the sound of the rain on the window and the occasional car out on the street. Richie could feel Eddie's eyes on him, questioning, concerned, but he didn't look. He stared at the ceiling, at the little plastic stars taped to it. They used to glow in the dark, years and years ago, but Eddie hadn't bothered to take them down once they stopped working. Richie loved those stars. They were laid out in the shapes of constellations. Eddie used to point them out to Richie, tell him the names of each one until they both fell asleep. Richie never did remember any of those names.

"Eds?" Richie whispered at last, and he hated how vulnerable his voice sounded. He sounded like a child, small and afraid and hesitant.

"Yeah?"

"What's that constellation called, again?"

Eddie looked where Richie was pointing. "Ursa major."

"And that one?"

"Orion."

"What about that one?"

It wasn't what Richie wanted to say. But to be honest, he didn't really *know* what he wanted to say, anyway. He wanted to tell Eddie how he felt; how his parents made him feel invisible; how he was sick of feeling like a failure; how Eddie was the only one who ever made him feel like he was worth anything. But he didn't know how. For once in his life, he had no words.

So he pointed at the plastic stars, and he asked what they were called. And he listened to Eddie's voice, soft and thick with sleep. And in the dark, his hand found Eddie's and squeezed and Eddie squeezed back and he thought that maybe - just maybe - he didn't

really need words after all. Maybe this was all he needed. The soft hand of the boy he loved, a warm bed in a cold room, and a sky of plastic stars.

Outside, the rain had stopped.